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THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST

CAN MEN WRITE LOVE
STORIES?—

By Thomas H. Uzzell



SELLING A STICKER—

By R. Jere Black, Jr.



UNCLE SAM AS AN AID
IN ARTICLE WRITING—

By Blanche Rogers Barfield



EDITORS YOU WANT
TO KNOW—

*Merle Crowell,
Henry Goddard Leach*



*Literary Market Tips of the
Month — Prize Contests —
Trade Journal Department,
etc.*

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"A FISH HOW LONG?" inquires a subscriber, referring to an article in a recent issue of THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST in which the statement occurred that Kathleen Norris penned more than two hundred and fifty novels before she ever sold one.

Both the author of the article and the editor who passed upon it must accept the responsibility for momentary aberration in allowing this astonishing claim to pass unchallenged. When it was called to our attention, we wrote to Mr. Vernon V. Johnson, author of the article, inquiring upon what authority he based the statement. In reply, Mr. Johnson wrote:

"I based the statement upon one of a series of newspaper articles published by the Spokane Daily Chronicle and purported to be written by the famous authoress herself. I realize now that I was crediting Kathleen Norris with impossible ability, especially considering the time it took her to 'arrive.' I do not wish to 'pass the buck'; the newspaper article was incorrect, of course, but I should have detected the error and thereby kept myself from making the same fallacy in my article. I had thought that my article showed that

I had taken considerable care in creating it, but the little incident mentioned has shown me that it is wise for a writer to spend just a little more time on an article or story than he thinks is necessary.

"From what I have been able to discover, probably 250 stories would be correct."

This latter assumption very possibly is true. An apprenticeship of 250 stories is not unusual for an author who is aiming at the more exacting markets. Joseph Hergesheimer is reputed to have written assiduously for more than ten years before breaking into print. In an authoritative discussion of the career of Ben Ames Williams which appeared in THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST (August, 1927), J. Frank Davis related how this author had written eighty-six short-stories and novels before making a single sale.

The point of the article, in any event, holds good. The would-be author who postpones getting down to work until he or she has more time to write, rarely finds that time. The great majority fritter away innumerable priceless hours that could be turned into productive effort. Unceasing diligence is the price of literary achievement. And it is a price that few have the stamina to pay.

HERE IS A THOUGHT for aspiring musical comedy writers. In a syndicated column, by Robin Coons, William Cary Duncan, New York playwright, librettist, and lyric writer for musical comedies, is quoted as saying: "I never knew a musical comedy produced that was written before it was sold. Hundreds of manuscripts are read by producers, but the ones produced are all, so far as I know, written on order. You don't actually 'write' a musical comedy. Half the work is during rehearsals, slashing, building up, tearing down, revising. For screen musical comedy I believe the same would apply."

IN ACCORDANCE with our custom, we offer in our November issue the annual Handy Market List of Book Publishers. This list, like the Handy Market List of periodicals which appears every three months in THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST, is unquestionably the most up-to-date marketing list available to writers in the field which it covers. All of the book publishing houses are listed, with addresses, types of books issued, length requirements, and methods of remuneration for authors. Many changes in the book publishing field have occurred since the last list was published, in November, 1928. Those who make a practice of preserving this November book issue for use during the year can discard their 1928 list when the 1929 list reaches them. A good plan, followed by many who have occasion to keep in touch with the book market, is to watch the market tips from month to month and correct the yearly list as changes are published.

THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST

October, 1929

Can Men Write Love Stories?

BY THOMAS H. UZZELL

Former Fiction Editor of Collier's; Author of "Narrative Technique"

IN my article in the September AUTHOR & JOURNALIST, I touched upon some of the characteristic weaknesses of women in handling romantic themes. Mr. Hawkins, in accepting the article, was good enough to say that he thought my words might be helpful to many women readers. Now he asks me: "How about men writers? What are *their* troubles when *they* turn to stories of love and romance?" I shall try very briefly to answer these questions.

Men as mechanisms for writing love stories are, to my mind, more difficult to describe than women. Mind and emotions are much more a unit in women than in men. Women *are* what they feel. Not so men. With men business is business and love is apt to be merely a diversion, a thing that is, and then again at another time, isn't. When a man writes a love story it is more difficult for him to summon the mood, to "give himself up to it," to find an inspiration.

Any woman can write a love story, though there is no telling how good or how sentimental and weak it may be, but apparently very few men can write a love story at all! Far more men than women flatly refuse to try to write love stories. They know, even before they try, that they will be no good at it and, if they write at all, turn to action melodrama which saves them from "flopping" with "those women interest things"—just as if men weren't as much interested in love as women!

This "hard boiled" attitude of the male, you see, reveals the want of sufficient sentiment in the author. Women, I repeat, when they fail with strong love stories, are too sentimental; men, when they fail, are not sentimental enough. When these handicapped writers do their stories, the result is,

from the woman, Pollyanna, a Sunday School fairy tale, from the man, generally so much rubbish. Because there is still some glimmer of maternal love in the woman's weak romance, it may still sell, but because the man's false romance has no real love in it at all, it almost never sells. There is nothing sadder than the pages from the typewriter of the man who mistakenly thinks he has captured the mood of kisses amid moonlight and roses.

I am well aware of the dangers that lurk in writing of this subject. One might write a few volumes about it and yet not get to the bottom. So far as I am aware, no one *has* ever ventured to explain in print why it is difficult for men to write love stories. One reason for this is that when you tell such men what the trouble is, they won't believe it; so why tell them?

TELL a woman writer that her romances are too full of maternal love and she thinks of Mother's Day and doesn't worry. If man's passionate mood, when it weakens in writing, turned to paternal love, we should have a parallel case, but—it doesn't! When the golden lights begin to dim along the highway of his pages, the trouble is that the lights are plumb going out. Come upon him at that moment and tell him that his love impulses have left him, that he stands, deserted, without them, and what'll he do? Probably shy his typewriter at you!

Now let me try to illustrate. Let me quote from one of these male love stories where the lights went out in typical fashion. No need to search for such a story. Here's one right at hand. (I shall quote from it with the author's permission.) This story purports to tell us the love story of a young man and young woman of the American

plains. It begins with love at first sight, and I suppose most of us will agree that such love has furnished some of the most enchanting pages of literature. Here is how our man author narrates the first meeting between his Anna and his Allen:

One day at the fair his eyes lighted upon a young girl standing beside the judging stand. This time his lips did not curl. His youthful mouth widened into an approving smile that showed all his fine white teeth. His strong brown fingers stole to his fair mustache and smoothed it out. Then he felt the boil of his blood. It bubbled like an exploding madness in his veins. It swelled to his eyes. It set his heart hammering on an invisible anvil like the pounding of a Damascus sword beater. He could not draw his eyes from the girl. It was as if invisible strings had shot out to fasten them on her. A delicious, sweet thrill swept through Allen's sturdy body.

With the possible single exception of the hero's inability to "draw his eyes from the girl" all these lines are literary hokey. I cannot imagine a woman ever writing like this. Why should a young man falling in love show his teeth? Smoothing out his mustache is the gesture of a villain in an old-fashioned thriller who is about to pull a slick one. All the boiling and exploding and hammering belong in a munitions factory, and not in the melting, wistful, hungry heart of a lad meeting the girl he wants. The figure about the "strings shooting out" sounds as if the writer, having got deeply involved with his figures, decided to shoot the works. The "sweet thrill" is better, and I won't argue about "delicious," but since none of these adjectives suggest the all-important sensuous element in romance, we may well question their validity.

AS the story continues we learn that our nice hero found it difficult to tell little Anna of his love. It seems he could *think* up lines to speak to her, but "in her presence the muscles of his throat constricted and tightened into rods of iron. . . . He hovered close to her, dumb as a stone." After wincing at the thought of rods of iron in the hero's throat and wondering why on earth he is dumb in the presence of the greatest inspiration to eloquence the world has ever known, we read:

It was her eyes. When she looked up with her lips and her smile expectant, it was her eyes that froze him up and brought panic. Dark, lustrous eyes they were that frightened Allen with their gripping fascination as he had once read of a

Burma trader's eyes in India being hypnotized by a cobra's eyes, only Anna's eyes were without the cobra's wickedness.

Please note here that the heroine has now become a snake. Also note that the description of her person is confined to her eyes. My experience in reading faulty male love stories for several years has led me to expect in such stories a great deal of attention to the heroine's eyes. Totally unable to bring himself to portray the charms of her entire person, he can yet expatiate upon her eyes. The mid-Victorian fairy tale that men fall in love with women because of their eyes lives still in the minds of such men authors.

In searching the entire manuscript for further indications of the physical presence of the heroine I find this one sentence: "Allen feasted his hungry, cheated eyes on the rise and fall of her breasts and the quivering abandon of her youth." "Hungry" seems right here but something is wrong with "feasted," for it suggests satiation, contentment. It isn't clear how he was "cheated." "Quivering" and abandon" are both wrong; quivering suggests chill or terror, and she wasn't "abandoned," for if she were this incredibly shy boy would have fled from her as from the plague.

Note that the author writes "breasts" instead of "breast." After probably quite an exhausting struggle with himself he decided to use the realistic word rather than the vaguer, more conventional and poetic term. Men who can't write love stories often do this. Finding their romance gasping for life in their hands, they suddenly say to themselves: "What's the use of beating about the bush any longer; this is a love story; mustn't forget the little old sex instinct—here goes—" and then we hear some bold, bad references to luscious lips, dimpled knees, or well-rounded breasts.

As a matter of fact the man who has trouble with love stories seems able to name or even describe physical stimuli of passion and some of the more frankly animal responses, but he can do nothing with approaches to the loved object, the nuances of response, the spiritual aura of desire. He seems to understand all about sex and its satisfaction, but knows little about romance and the infinite moods of which it is capable.

Confession of such inability is contained in the climax of another male love story contained in my file of "terrible examples." Hero and heroine are having their first pas-

sionate rendezvous in a secluded spot. She asks him if he likes to be with her (something that could easily be assumed). He tries to answer, but "words were impotent now. Raising her to her feet he kissed her. He was thrilled with the feeling that mastered him."

This last sentence, a prize example of meaningless words, is characteristic of dead male romance. It is almost as good as that other classic of the beginner at fiction, "He was filled with conflicting emotions." What was the feeling that mastered him? The writer may answer: "Why write anything so obvious?" The reader replies: "Why read anything so dull?"

We next hear that the hero "strained her to his bosom" and that again "their lips met in a long, passionate kiss." The hero utters her name: "Margaret!" Then the author writes: "No other words came; no others were needed." Again "impotency." But who is the impotent one, the hero or the author?

The next paragraph brings: "Some minutes later they were side by side in the street." The author jumps out of his love scene. It was as if he mopped his perspiring brow and groaned: "The hell with the long, passionate kisses; let's get on with the yarn."

It may well be that you don't think these passages I have quoted are as bad as I intimate. It is true that it has been so difficult for editors to find good love stories that they have been compelled to get along with manuscripts by writers who, inept with romance, use the stereotyped phrase, the clichés that are repeated endlessly in the false product. Some of these clichés—such as "straining her to his bosom"—are in the texts I have quoted.

If you wish to read passages where romance is handled right, consult the last half of almost any man's novel that has endured more than a decade. Right to my hand are some of old Balzac's stories in Putnam's *Little French Masterpieces*, the volume I used to pore over as a college student. How I worshipped the beauty of his romantic pages! "A Seashore Drama" was my favorite. Although his style now seems flavored a bit with the conscious elaborateness of his time, I still think the scene where the narrator waits for Pauline "at the extreme point of La Croisic, a tiny peninsula of Brittany," is full of the poetry and beauty of genuine passionate love.

Pauline had disappeared around the rocky point to bathe "in a granite bowl full of white sand," then—

When I looked about me in search of some omen favorable to the audacious schemes which my wild imagination advised me to undertake, a sweet cry, the cry of a woman coming from the bath refreshed and joyous, drowned the murmur of the fringe of foam tossed constantly back and forth by the rising and falling of the waves in the indentations of the shore. When I heard that note, uttered by the soul, I fancied that I had been seen on the cliff the foot of an angel, who, as she unfolded her wings, had called to me: "Thou shalt have success."

I descended, radiant with joy and light as air; I went bounding down, like a stone down a steep slope. When she saw me, she said to me: "What is the matter?"

I did not answer, but my eyes became moist. The day before, Pauline had understood my pain, as she understood at that moment my joy, with the magical sensitiveness of a harp which follows the variations of the atmosphere. The life of man has some glorious moments!

WE face now the questions of the origin of these peculiar inhibitions that beset men writers of romance. I beg off from any attempt to attempt a complete answer. The problem presents puzzles no one has yet fully solved. I can merely hint at the nature of some of the evidence and testimony I have been fortunate enough to secure.

The whole trouble seems to be that inexpressive men in general are able to write about women in only two ways: either they face the truth about some sex situation but condemn it as they write it, or they fake it completely. Good examples of the faking I have given above in my quotations. The condemning that spoils the first of these classes of writing—and probably the second, too—is, of course, unconscious and has its source in childhood experience. One such author told me of being severely punished when a small boy for writing certain words on a fence. After studying the matter some time, he confessed that when writing love stories today he feels rise in him the same fear which has father's whipping gave him as a boy! This realization did a great deal for his romances.

Several years ago I ran into Joseph Hergesheimer in the Curtis Building in Philadelphia. We had a talk about his work during which I asked him to give me a formula for writing romance. Without an in-

stant's hesitation, he said: "Remember that the heroine perspires."

A noted author's epigram, but hardly the best advice for men writers. We American men are, I think, sufficiently aware that women are human; the trouble is we keep it dark! We are afraid that if we set out boldly to celebrate the charms of some woman we love or of our heroine, we'll get caught using some naughty word, we'll give ourselves away! This, I suppose, is why Europeans say that we American men are the world's best husbands and the world's worst lovers. Once we marry, we bring home the bacon, but we expect the bacon to do all the talking. If that won't do it, we resort to candy and flowers! "Say it with

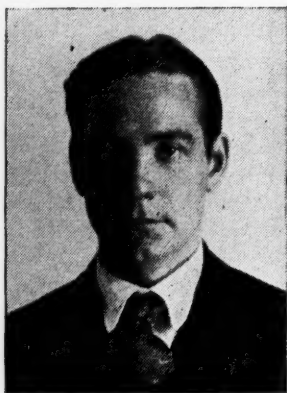
flowers"—when you can't say it any other way.

After writing all this about men as romancers, I will conclude with the observation that the writers of the world's greatest love stories have been men, not women. In this field, as in all others save one, men have when at their best excelled women when at their best. No woman has ever written more sweetly sentimental romance than Sir James Barrie. No one has ever written a romantic adventure surpassing John Blackmoor's "Lorna Doone." And as for the kind of romance Americans seem to like best, the whimsical, light, tender variety with plenty of action—a man, O. Henry, has to date given us our most abundant supply.



Selling a Sticker

BY R. JERE BLACK, JR.



R. Jere Black, Jr.

A LITTLE over a year ago, suddenly out of a clear sky, I became infected with a virulent case of Rhymitis. The ability to think in prose—my invariable medium heretofore—completely deserted me, and all my new ideas insisted on flowing into more or less metrical cadences.

Torrents of the most bizarrely-bubbling, double-jointed rhymes—such as "whiskey-inhaling and frisky unveiling," "lip-sticky Junos and gyp-iricky Who-Knows," "eyebrow-arched Aunties in highly starched panties"—kept surging urgently in waves of ribald, and pie-bald, rhythms through my cringing cranium until, surrendering to the dread destiny that was upon me, I began perforce, like Mr. Wegg, dropping into verse.

Fortunately, however, my drop landed me

on both feet, as I succeeded in tumbling into over a score of assorted periodicals. Doubtless, the editors chanced to be in a playful mood, or perhaps the plethora of legs in my verses atoned for their awkward feet. At any rate, the gentlemen kindly encouraged my leggy lyrics, ginny jingles, and even more strident stanzas—much to my amaze, and somewhat to my profit. In fact, for a long time, I was in the seventh heaven of selling all I could write.

Most of these verses were, literally, dashed off. But, finally, my budding career ran up against a snag (pardon the rather mixed metaphor)—a collision that most effectually smacked all the smugness out of me and made me forever of an humble and contrite pen.

In other words, I wrote a "sticker," and it is the saga of this sticker (a rather remarkable example of what pig-headed persistence in revising and marketing may achieve) that I now beg permission to recall, trusting that the moral will kindle a beacon of encouragement for other gropers in the gloom.

For, in an evil hour and little reckoning the cost, I resolved to write a poem anent

the Flappers. This decision was no departure, as already I had sold dozens on the modish-miss motif. But this one was to be different. Realizing that the flippant flappers were going a bit stale—not in their attributes, dear ladies! but as a marketable theme—and feeling that the species doubtless had been maligned rather unjustly, I decided to let the young ladies utilize my verse to speak in their own defense.

Accordingly, I chose for the title—"The Battle Cry of the Flappers"—which evolved into the following:

Exhibit A

Derided, detested, maligned and molested,
No vestige of prestige to cheer us,
We're viewed as Pariahs by mewing Marias
Who zealously, jealously jeer us!
They dub us Dumb Doras, they snub and ignore us,
Cartoon and harpoon us in papers,
They swear that we're scandals, compare us to
Vandals,
And chin at our innocent capers!

Propriety bans us, Society pans us,
The smart guys all start lies about us,
They yell we're alarming—but, Hell! aren't we
charming?

The days would be grayer without us!
We're sick of their patter, their slick chitter-chatter,
And, say! there's a way we can stop it—
Extract all their nannies by acting like grannies,
And watch how completely they drop it!

No slickers and zippers, no lickers in dippers,
No bright little, tight little shockers,
No mossy old wheezes on saucy chemises
To gladden the hearts of the knockers!
We'll bleat for a chaperone, ne'er meet a chap
alone,
Blanch at the mention of high-balls,
We'll spurn all excesses and turn out in dresses
That reach from our feet to our eyeballs!

L'Envoi

So you'd better take warning, eschew any scorning,
Lay off of the Flapper arraignment,
If you mock and rebuff her, you block-headed
duffer,
You'll bean all the free entertainment!

THIS, on completion, was submitted to *Film Fun*—which for many months had bought and featured all the verse I sent them. But, in a little while, back came "The Battle Cry of the Flappers," my first rejection from them, with the following kind letter from the editor, Mr. Curtis Mitchell:

"Much as I deplore it, I am returning

herewith 'The Battle Cry of the Flappers.' For why? The very last line—and I had myself all set for a hearty guffaw, too—leaves me cold. In all my years and travels, I've never encountered the expression to "bean." Consequently, I failed entirely to appreciate what undoubtedly appears to you as a wow ending. Also, in the first three excellent verses, your flapper speaks in the first person plural. "We"—with genuflections to Lindbergh—do our stuff. Then cometh the final spasm, you flop over to an impersonal friend of the family and offer warning to "you" in behalf of "her." It is all very confusing, dear sir, and I hope you can do something about it!"

I did. Thanks to this helpful criticism, I revised it, preserving the first three stanzas intact except for a few minor adjustments. But *L'Envoi*, or "final spasm," as Mr. Mitchell termed it, was altered thus:

L'Envoi

Here lieth the dapper remains of the flapper,
A martyr to catty aspersion,
The world may forget her, the gay little petter,
But what will it do for diversion?

WITH this fresh powder on her knees, the renovated vamp now called on several editors, most of whom remained discretely unresponsive to her wiles. Others, however, plainly shocked by the hussy, had helpful suggestions to offer for her reformation. One such I remember as advocating the toning down, or even entire removal, of "saucy chemises." Another shamelessly sent her home without even a slip. Still another suggested giving her more of a wallop at the end, a swift kick in the rear, as it were.

Eager to do my bit for the maiden's betterment, I leaped at all suggestions, and, like the fable of the old man, the boy and the donkey, I wildly endeavored to please everyone at once.

But, still, something was amiss. Nobody would take her to their bosom, and it became increasingly evident that editors must be looking at present even more askance at flappers—in a literary sense—than I had thought.

Therefore, I decided to have her not merely *defend* herself, but to let her *say goodbye forever*. And, indeed, by this time, I was quite ready for her to say goodbye forever. Accordingly, I changed her name to "The

Flappers' Farewell," which, besides alliterative, embodied a gentle reassurance to the editor that I would not trouble him with the flapper theme again. A sort of implied bribe, you see. In my naive innocence, I thought this a wily subterfuge to insure her sale. But, alas, my troubles were but to begin. . . .

The changing of the title to "The Flappers' Farewell" demanded justification. Why "farewell?" What would make the flamboyantly flamboyant beauty consent to abandon the center of the stage which she had so long disgraced? Obviously, only some sort of reform. A change in dress, for example? Ah, there you have it. Skirts! Accordingly, under the new caption, I placed a line—"Skirts Will Be Longer—Fashion Note." This explained the enforced leave-taking, (for who could picture a Torrid Tamale in long dresses?) but it also necessitated a further revision of the verse.

So, while the first stanza and L'Envoi were left intact, the second stanza was recast completely, as was the first half of the third stanza. For, by this time, I was infernally weary of the old rhymes so sprightly seeming at first.

And now began another long cruise for our heroine, in which she sailed to (and home from) the following ports: *Saturday Evening Post* (Short Turns and Encores), *Red Book*, *Life*, *D. A. C. News*, Chaff page of *The Country Gentlemen*, *College Humor*, Office Dog page of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The New Yorker*, and *Judge*.

On her return from the last rendezvous, I discovered a note, from some Unknown God, pinned to her skirts: "This is very cleverly done, but too long for our needs."

By this time, my flowers of poesy were badly wilted. But the tip was certainly too good to overlook. So, suppressing my nausea, I managed to cut her costume still shorter and, by judiciously transposing and mixing, succeeded in eliminating one whole stanza of eight lines. The hapless Envoi again was altered—this time to:

Here lieth the dapper remains of the flapper,
Her ways were too torridly tough,
The world will forget her, the gay little petter,
But gosh! how the dame knew her stuff.

WITH what high hopes our patient poet now triumphantly re-submitted the result to *Judge* I leave you, gentle writer, to conjecture. At last the goal was in sight,

the reward about to be received. Will you believe it, then, when I tell you that *Judge*, evidently repenting of its hasty hint, utterly repudiated both it and the poem. And, once again, my bouncing beauty came bounding back to my reluctant arms!

At this juncture ensued domestic dramatics in which our poet gritted his teeth, rolled his eyes in a fine, poetic frenzy and swore to his wide-eyed audience of one that he would either sell "The Flappers' Farewell"—and to no mean market, mark you—or himself would bid farewell to Poesy!

Turning her keel-up once more, in a desperate search for possible barnacles, I suddenly stumbled on a happy idea. Why not change poor "L'Envoi" to R. I. P. and make it a regular obituary notice in formal, old-style English? The contrast between the light lady and the heavy treatment would be ludicrous. Accordingly, I rewrote the concluding lines for the fifth time, not counting myriads of minor repairs, and also pruned and polished the rest till the whole poem read thus: (A remarkable difference, you will note, from the first "Battle Cry of the Flappers" version.)

THE FLAPPERS' FAREWELL (*Skirts Will Be Longer*—*Fashion Note*)

Society pans us, propriety bans us,
The smart guys all start lies *in re* us,
The bawlers and bluffers and baldheaded duffers
Unite, and delightedly flay us!
They dub us Dumb Doras, they snub and ignore us,
Our simplest exertions excite 'em,
We're viewed as Pariahs by mewing Marias—
And so we'll reform—just to spite 'em!

No slickers and zippers, no liquors in dippers,
No wheezes on kneezes and undies,
No gay little frolics with stray alcoholics,
To brighten the lives of the Grundies!
We'll bleat for a chaperon, ne'er meet a chap alone,
Blanch at the mention of high-balls,
We'll spurn all excesses, and turn out in dresses
That reach from our feet to our eyeballs!

R. I. P.

Here lyeth ye dapper Remains of ye Flapper,
Her Ways were too Racie and Rough;
Ye World will forget her—and Maybe Grow
Better—

But Gosh! How ye Kidde knew her Stuffe!

AND now, all this done, I hopelessly re-submitted my spontaneous little song to *Life*—the second trip there in two months.

And then—and then—on October the twentieth in the Year of our Lord nineteen

hundred and twenty-eight (a date ever memorable to my biographers) I received a little envelope from *Life*. An envelope which contained a check.

The Flapper—thank God!—had said Farewell to me forever!

One would think that all the face-lifting and renovating I had bestowed on her would have sufficed. But someone on *Life* evidently deemed otherwise. For when, under their auspices, she finally made her bow to the world, the second line of my version had been altered from "The smart guys all start lies *in re us*" to

"The high-brows raise eye-brows *in re us*."

Shortly after she appeared, an acquaintance hailed me:

"Saw that thing of yours in *Life* this week. Pretty slick rhyming. Especially one line."

And he quoted, of course, the line I had *not* written.

Possibly the Flapper has received her final revision. But—as tinkering with her is a habit easy to form and hard to break—possibly she has not. Frankly, I do not know. It is, after all, a matter for Posterity to decide.

But one thing I do know. I have sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind.

And I am through with Flappers forever!



Uncle Sam as an Aid in Article Writing

BY BLANCHE ROGERS BARFIELD



Blanche Rogers Barfield

THERE are any number of writers who feel handicapped by the size of the town in which they live. Small-town life may furnish plenty of plot material for today's novel and short-story, but as a usual thing there is a decided dearth of material as far as feature articles and potboilers are

interested in his work and why. He resided in another state but in less than a week I had so much material that I was able to work it into two different articles, one of which treated the religious and one the human-interest side of his work. Both of these found quick markets.

The second time Uncle Sam came to the rescue was when I noticed a three-line news item in a daily telling of a Georgia farmer who had trapped and shipped thousands of rabbits in one season. Knowing that the Sunday supplement of a large daily in the state used such matter, I wrote the postmaster at the address from which the dispatch came. In two days back came the stamped envelope I had enclosed giving the man's name and some information about him. From the man himself I got information enough for an article with photographs which paid me better than one cent a word—and the Sunday editor asked for more.

Since then I have used the mail to gather material on many occasions and almost every letter has brought usable articles which have been readily placed with different editors.

For the bashful amateur the long-distance interview is a decided convenience. It gives him the opportunity to ask pointed questions and receive definite answers without having to sift out a lengthy conversation to secure a few facts. Then, too, a man who is faced

concerned, yet there is a constant market for articles of any kind when authoritatively handled.

Before I evolved my present method of newsgathering, a number of good features slipped by me because I was not near enough to the subject to secure an interview. Personal interviews don't bother me since I employed Uncle Sam as my assistant.

The first time in which I called on him was upon noticing in a daily paper a picture of a deaf-mute preacher and his wife who preached exclusively to deaf folks. I sat down on the impulse of the moment and wrote to this man, telling how much I was

with a written list of questions is likely to give a little more consideration to his answers, realizing that they must be put down in black and white. The interviewer is able to ask questions which have most bearing on his article as he wishes to handle it.

THE questions themselves must be general unless the tip from which the article was suggested is more comprehensive than the ordinary newspaper item. Since you can never tell whether there really is an article there at the start, the best plan is to ask politely for information concerning the person's work, mentioning that you read of it in such and such a paper or heard of it through a friend. Always enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your list of questions, and be sure to tell him that you wish the facts for publication if they warrant it.

One man to whom I wrote such a letter came back with the smug assurance that he would furnish me with material which would make a splendid article and would send it in time for publication on a certain date, at which time he and his friends would be on the lookout for the story. Needless to say, I wrote him quickly that I did not control the management of the paper and could not say when his story would appear. On only one occasion have I been refused the facts. The man involved was already overwhelmed with work of a particular kind which only he could do and consequently

was afraid that publicity would bring in more work.

I always request photographs, offering to pay for the picture if necessary. A picture of the subject at work adds fifty per cent to the value of the article, and it also enhances greatly the story's chance of landing.

As to subject matter—there are some things which newspapers or magazines refuse to accept. That which smacks of scandal is rarely acceptable. The account of a man who has done the ordinary and done it well, will often as not bring in from five to twenty-five dollars as readily as a big feature article. The average price is fifteen or twenty dollars.

The title should pick out some particularly striking phase of the story and play it up. Then the whole story should be centered around that one lead. The title of the rabbit article mentioned above is a good illustration. In this section of the South cotton is still the main crop of the farmer. Since the boll weevil commenced his depredations the crop is considerably shorter, but the farmer still clings to cotton. The title of the story played up the man who was different in that he "Preferred Cottontails to Cotton."

Keep your eyes open for such little hints. The papers are full of them. Here you find a man who raises peacocks; here a woman who does a man's job and does it as well as any man. Any little three-line item or filler which catches your eye will attract someone else if you take the trouble to find out why and what it's all about.

“THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT”

By C. WILES HALLOCK

LIVES there a hack—of prose or rhyme—
Who has not cried: “I’ve penned a pip!
I’ll tell the world I’ve clicked *this* time!
I’ll state I rate a check *this* trip!”
Lives there a hack who does not bow
His (or her) head, and bite the lip
And gaze with grief upon that wow
Returned with a rejection slip?

Live there contribs who have not shouted:
“Oh, what a crime . . . Oh, what a gyp!
So sweet a sonnet crassly flouted . . .
Why scorn they such swell workman-
ship?”
Or lives there one who does not wince
And wonder: “Have I lost my grip?”
And soul-torn agony evince
At sight of a rejection slip?

L’envoi

What gets *me* down—what fairly burns
Me up . . . What gets *me* on the hip,
Is that my dearest ’script returns
Sans even a rejection slip!

Editors You Want to Know

(This Series Began in the July, 1929, Issue)

MERLE CROWELL

Editor of *The American Magazine*

(By ROSA STRIDER REILLY)



Merle Crowell

"THE main reason why we turn down tens of thousands of manuscripts a year," said Merle Crowell, editor of *The American Magazine*, "is because the writers have nothing of any particular importance to write about.

"Of the hundreds of stories and articles I personally read each month," continued Mr. Crowell, "the majority are well typed, and written in as careful English as a college president's baccalaureate address. But we don't want careful essays in *The American Magazine*. We want vigorous articles, fine stories, and human experiences. And we want them told as simply and clearly and concisely as God Almighty will let the writer express himself."

Before we go farther, let's take a look at this editor whose magazine probably reaches more homes than any other general monthly in the country, for you'll want to keep a picture of Merle Crowell in your mind as you write the story which you hope will catch his eye.

On the thirteenth floor of 250 Park Avenue, New York, we find the editor at a large mahogany desk in an office which commands the editorial rooms of the Crowell Publishing Company.

Merle Crowell is no relation to the Crowells who publish *The American* and other magazines. The name is a coincidence. Mr. Crowell is the son of a Maine farmer. His only inheritance from his father was a magnificent physique and certain spiritual and mental qualities which have enabled him to raise himself from an awkward lumberjack to an editorship second to none.

Crowell is big. I'm speaking now of his size. Large head. High, wide forehead. Rugged nose and chin. Shoulders like a wrestler. Chest like a bear cub's. I could as soon think of a moose having double pneumonia as imagining Merle Crowell ill. But it was illness which hurtled this man from the depths of the Maine woods, uptide to New York.

Merle Crowell is forty years old. His wavy hair is sorrel-red. His shrewd Yankee eyes often shade their analytical blue to a human and humorous gray. His jaw juts out like a pump handle. He listens mostly—speaking rarely. But he has a versatile vocabulary, both pithy and profane, when the occasion demands.

The first time you tip-toe into his office with a humble manuscript in your hand, you expect to meet a literary machine. But once he decides you're worth helping, takes off his poker face, and extends a warm hand of encouragement, you find behind his quick-decided manner a fineness of feeling, a highly-sensitized perception of beauty, which awakes you gently to the fact that all poets don't live in garrets.

Not only does Crowell write powerful prose which has an actual rhythm to it, but he is the best literary navigator with whom you can come in contact, because he knows what he wants. He holds his ship exactly on the point of the compass. And neither wind nor tide can shift him from the course on which *The American Magazine* sails. His

magazine was founded to serve, to inspire, to inform, and to entertain several millions of normal Americans.

This New England editor believes that a man can learn to write. Not in schools necessarily. But the same way that Abe Lincoln learned to read. "Provided a man knows what is interesting and can express himself clearly and simply," explains Mr. Crowell, "he can acquire the technique of writing. I know because I've acquired it. I'm not a writer by profession. I'm a lumberjack from North Newport, Maine. But as far back as I can remember I've always had a feeling for words. And ever since I was a twelve-year-old kid being driven over to Corinna Union Academy, a two-room country school, each Monday morning by my father, with a dry goods box full of beans and bread, pie and oatmeal in the front of the sleigh, this feeling for words has normally expressed itself in poetry. Prose was, in a way, an acquisition.

"It it hadn't been for fate, or accident—whichever you choose to call it—I might still be in Maine, scaling timber in winter, floating it down the Penobscot River in spring, writing poetry for my home-town paper in all seasons, and wishing I were on a big metropolitan daily.

"In preparatory school and Colby College, I had little money. To eke out funds I would work a while scaling timber, and thus 'stake' myself for further educational forays. In this way I got through my college freshman year. Before my sophomore year came around, however, I had an accident which changed the course of my life.

"One wintry Saturday afternoon when I had finished a lumberjack's week, I started on a fifteen-mile walk through the woods to spend Sunday at a little hotel on Moosehead Lake, where I could get something to eat beside tea, beans, and sour-dough bread. The snow was six feet deep, the thermometer much below zero. When I'd traveled half the distance, I lost my way. It began to snow again.

"I won't go into the hours of that night—when the trail came near being finished for me. From that exposure and a totally unexpected dive I took into an ice-filled lake early that spring, I contracted rheumatic fever.

"With the money I had saved towards my second year at college, I went down to a

highly-recommended sanatorium in New Jersey, hoping to get cured.

"I did. And I decided, as soon as I was strong enough, to go to New York and try to get work on a newspaper. By the time I was convalescent, I had almost no money. I reached New York with \$4.85.

"Paying out \$1.50 for a week's rent, I began to hunt any kind of job I could get. Incidentally, I made up my mind not to eat until I got work, for I realized that once I had a position I would need strength.

"After three days I found something to do. The job was selling courses for the International Correspondence School. I celebrated with coffee and doughnuts.

"But still my heart hung on the thought of getting to be a newspaper reporter. During off hours I haunted the offices of the daily papers. But strangely enough my lumberjack training didn't impress the managing editors. I tracked down every reporter I could scrape up an acquaintance with, and talked to them all, hoping to learn the craft. After meeting and making friends with twenty or more newspapermen, and after nearly two years had passed, I finally convinced the editor of the New York *Sun* that I wouldn't damage his sheet any if he gave me a chance.

"I stayed there four years. Starting with the usual run of insignificant items, I ended as political reporter and feature writer. One day I was sent over to New Jersey to interview a sheriff who had stopped a strike in a spectacular manner. The man had an unusual personality. I decided to write a little story about him and send it in to *The American Magazine*.

"The editor accepted the Interesting People Sketch—as they're called—and asked me to drop in to see him. I did. He gave me a job. I've been there ever since.

"What I have learned in seventeen years of reporting and editing can be expressed in a few simple sentences:

"1. *Have something to say.*

"2. *Say it clearly.* Don't indulge in fancy writing. Pare your story down to the bone. Amputate all flowery words until only the real story remains.

"3. *Be sure your story is suitable for the magazine to which you are submitting it.* The other day a young lady came into my office all steamed up about a yarn on the unusual economic opportunities offered in Abyssinia. A fine idea. But not for us.

The American Magazine is published for people who live in America and expect to keep on living in America.

"4. *Don't be superficial.* You can't write for a magazine in the same quick way you can for a newspaper. You've got to steep yourself in your material. I remember the first assignment I was ever given for this magazine. It was to go down to Hopewell, Virginia, where the Duponts were manufacturing munitions, and write up that mushroom town and its deadly industry. I knew that my career with the magazine would be greatly affected by that story.

"I took the train for Petersburg. Arriving there, I jumped into a jitney and bumped over a road that could match the shell-torn areas of France. Finally I came to Hopewell—at that time a wide-open town. I visited the manufacturing plants, walked up and down the makeshift streets, tramped out into the surrounding country, drank beer and played poker in the paper-mache saloons, brushed up my history of the adjacent sections, and talked with everybody who would talk with me: sheriffs, gamblers, deputies, painted ladies, preachers, plant workers, negroes, plant executives, hoboes.

"When I put my foot into the bus to take me back to Petersburg I was saturated with that town. And I knew I had the makings of a story.

"To make a success of any writing you must saturate yourself in your material—soak your literary beans a long time. Suppose you're writing a personality article about a great industrialist. Interview your man, of course. But don't be satisfied with that. Try to talk with his wife, his children, his friends, the family clergyman, the men who work with him, the men who work under him. Saturate yourself with that man's personality until you feel that his life lies at the tips of your fingers. Then go home and begin to write.

"As you begin, realize that you, the writer, are only the show window through which the readers observe their literary merchandise. Realize that you only stack up ten per cent, the material you've collected grossing the other ninety. If you follow this general idea, you will have a story. A salable story. Maybe one *The American Magazine* would buy. For we're on the search for new writers every day."

Out of the tens of thousands of manuscripts submitted every twelve months to

The American Magazine by unknown people, Merle Crowell each year chooses a handful of the most promising writers and helps them to bridge over that almost unbridgable span between an amateur and a professional writing status.

One of the finest things that could happen to any young writer is to submit a manuscript to *The American Magazine* that interests Mr. Crowell. For once you've shown him that you've got something, he is always ready to give you a hand up. He never misleads you about your work. If it's good and suitable for his magazine, he buys it—and mails you a check the following Friday. It's not good enough, he tells you what's that matter with it so clearly and kindly that instead of being disappointed you go home determined to turn out a story worthy of the demands of his magazine.

But as you sit down to begin this story, try to understand this great editor's problem just as you hope he will understand yours. Remember, his real job is not nursing literary fledglings along. His real job is publishing a magazine with a terrific circulation. A magazine with which he must satisfy his millions of readers if he expects to keep them.

How he does it, I don't know. But if you could watch him out on the golf course, or walking over his little farm up in Westchester County, New York, pipe in mouth, his older son at his side, his younger boy in his arms, you might begin to understand the paradox that is Merle Crowell—the combination of hard-headed editorial executive and sensitive interpreter. If you observed him closely when he was off in his haunts, you would find him tramping along with his gaze on the sky. Hoping perhaps to wrest down from it some bit of beauty for his many million readers. But although his envisioning eyes would be tilted high up in the blue, you would find his substantial New England feet planted plumb on the ground.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH

Editor of The Forum

CONTROVERSY is the challenging watchword of Henry Goddard Leach, editor of *The Forum* magazine, who has been aptly described as "the most revolutionary editor on Quality Street." Mr. Leach is an enemy of dogmatism, a believer in freedom and expression and in the ruth-

less shattering of taboos. It is his opinion that the multitudinous problems of post-war existence can best be solved by allowing warring factors to state their case frankly and forcefully. Consequently, since he took over the editorship some five years ago, *The Forum* has been an open arena in which Modernists and Fundamentalists, Prohibitionists and ardent wets, materialists and orthodox moralists have fought their gladiatorial combats.



Henry Goddard Leach
Surrounded by a fresh batch of "First Short-Stories"

Curiously enough, despite his zest for battle, Mr. Leach's early background was calmly academic. A graduate of Princeton, he took his Ph.D. degree at Harvard in 1908, spent two years thereafter in the Scandinavian countries, and then returned to Harvard as an instructor in English. Always keenly interested in the literature of the North, he soon developed into an authority on Scandinavian culture. He was made executive secretary of the American-Scandi-

navian Foundation and first entered the magazine world as editor of the *American-Scandinavian Review*. In recognition of his services to the cause of international understanding, he has been knighted by the sovereigns of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

Although he appears at his desk in the morning with a punctuality which is slightly alarming to his staff, and although—contrary to the popular conception of editors—he is more often to be found in his office than at decorative literary teas, Mr. Leach manages to find time for a variety of outside interests. He has lectured widely both in this country and abroad—chiefly on editorial problems, on Scandinavian topics, and on such lively general questions as the proper use of leisure and "Are Americans Intolerant?" He is also one of the most prominent members of the Episcopal Church, in whose affairs he is actively concerned.

Editorially, Mr. Leach's most recent and most revolutionary achievement is the encouragement which he has given to new writers by publishing the best stories of young authors who have never before broken into print. It was his idea, and experience has borne it out, that much excellent fiction has failed to make its way into the magazines because of the competition it has had to meet from the work of already established writers. As the photograph indicates graphically, *The Forum* office has been quite submerged, during the past year, beneath a flood of "First Short Stories." Out of four or five thousand tales which have been submitted up to the present time, Mr. Leach has culled about a dozen which have fully justified his firm editorial belief that America is by no means destitute of young and undiscovered talent.

A THOUGHT

Upon Purchasing a Book of Lyrics for
Twenty-five Cents

By PHYLLIS B. MORDEN

LUCKY the jongleur of old who sang,
But could not print a lilting line;
Who took in return for a madrigal,
A kiss, or a cloak, or a cup of wine!
He could sing from the deeps of soul
In those halcyon days, and never see
His heart in a bin, with bargain books
Of nursery rhymes, and palmistry.

AGENCY DEPARTMENT RESUMED

IN response to a widespread demand from writers, THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST has resumed its manuscript sales service. The Agency Department offers special attraction to writers who wish professional criticism of their manuscripts in combination with marketing aid.

Florence Brent Thompson, Oregon, wrote, "The check which I have just received from you in payment of my story, 'The Fate of Bill Laramie,' pleases me tremendously; I agree that the rate is extremely good; frankly, much better than I expected; and I feel that a great deal of credit is due to you for the successful way in which you have handled this."

Chauncey Thomas, Denver, wrote: "Your sale of my 'Heap Bad Kiowa' to Popular Magazine, after you had submitted it to twenty-eight other markets, is a tribute to your persistence in marketing a manuscript in which you have confidence."

The greatest demand at this time is for fiction of popular types—love, adventure, mystery, Western, air, etc. Readable articles are purchased extensively, and the Agency Department gives special attention to these.

In offering a sales service for manuscripts, the Author & Journalist, although its staff undoubtedly possesses a closer knowledge of immediate market needs than the majority of writers, does not claim any mysterious influence with editors, nor does it guarantee the sale of a manuscript. It guarantees only to devote honest, intelligent effort to selling manuscripts accepted for the purpose.

The Agency accepts for marketing only manuscripts which the editors deem likely to sell. When in our judgment the material is not salable, it will be returned to the author with a brief critical opinion explaining why we regard its chances of sale unfavorably.

We do not attempt to market photoplays, verse, jokes, editorials, or other material of limited appeal.

The Agency service covers articles as well as fiction.

Reading Fee: Each manuscript must be accompanied by a reading fee of \$1 for the first 1000 words, and 25c for each thousand additional.

Commission: In case of a sale, our commission is 15 per cent; minimum commission, \$4.

THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST MANUSCRIPT SALES AGENCY

1839 Champa St., Denver, Colo.

BOOKS TO HELP YOU SELL

Recommended by the Editors of
The Author & Journalist

Where and How to Sell Manuscripts, Wm. B. McCourtie; complete market information, condensed, classified by fields, for thousands of American and British publications buying short-stories, novels, articles, books, newspaper features, greetings, photoplays, verse, \$3.50

Conscious Short-Story Technique, David Raffelock, Associate Editor of The Author & Journalist, and Director of the Simplified Training Course. An authority "shows the way." \$1.10.

What An Editor Wants, A. H. Bittner, editor of Argosy All-Story Weekly. One of the most practical of all volumes on writing craftsmanship. \$1.10.

The 36 Dramatic Situations. A "best seller" is this analysis of Georges Polti, cataloging the plot material which life offers. Short-story writers and novelists appearing in Saturday Evening Post, Cosmopolitan, Century, and other foremost magazines have publicly acknowledged help received from this book. \$1.50.

Plotting the Short Story, Culpeper Chunn; gives invaluable assistance in story structure. \$1.00.

Fundamentals of Fiction Writing, Arthur Sullivan Hoffman, former editor of Adventure and McClures. Highly recommended. \$2.15.

AUTHOR & JOURNALIST BOOK SERVICE
1839 Champa St., Denver, Colo.

Distinctive Criticism Service

THE editorial staff of THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST offers to writers an authoritative and vitally helpful criticism service. Each manuscript receives careful, analytical attention. Letters of grateful acknowledgment are received daily from appreciative clients. Professionals as well as beginners employ the services of THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST Criticism Department.

A letter of criticism definitely shows the writer where he stands—whether his work is of salable quality, or amateurish, or just "on the border line." In the majority of instances the critic is able to point out specific faults, and to suggest ways of overcoming them. Each criticism is a constructive lesson in authorship.

Marketing suggestions form a part of each criticism. A carefully selected list of periodicals or publishers who would be interested in seeing material of the type under consideration is given, if the manuscript possesses salable qualities.

Frankness, thoroughness, and a sympathetic understanding of writers' difficulties are characteristic of Author & Journalist criticisms.

Theoretical technique and dogmatic opinions are rigidly avoided. No critic has ever been employed on our staff who has not demonstrated his ability to write and to sell his own work. Practical advice and suggestions, rather than academic rules, characterize all criticisms.

A large proportion of our clients are successful authors—men and women who are selling their work regularly. They apply to us when in doubt over problems of narration, when "stumped" by a manuscript which, for no apparent reason, fails to sell, or just to get the opinion of a qualified, impartial critic before submitting a manuscript to the markets. Rarely is the writer able to form an unbiased judgment as to the value of his own work. An unprejudiced appraisal by a qualified critic often gives the author an entirely new perspective toward his story. Few manuscripts reach us for which we are unable to suggest at least some improvements.

RATE SCHEDULE

For each prose manuscript of—

1,000 words	\$2.00	5,000 to 6,000	\$4.50
1,000 to 2,000	2.50	6,000 to 7,000	5.00
2,000 to 3,000	3.00	7,000 to 8,000	5.50
3,000 to 4,000	3.50	8,000 to 9,000	6.00
4,000 to 5,000	4.00	9,000 to 10,000	6.50
Each additional thousand words above 10,000			.40

Thus:

15,000 words	\$ 8.50	60,000 words	\$26.50
20,000 words	10.50	70,000 words	30.50
30,000 words	14.50	80,000 words	34.50
40,000 words	18.50	90,000 words	38.50
50,000 words	22.50	100,000 words	42.50

MARKETING ADVICE AND CRITICAL OPINION

Clients who desire only a critical opinion of a manuscript, together with a list of possible markets if we consider it salable, may obtain this service by remitting **HALF THE FEE** for regular detailed criticism. Thus, for a 5000-word manuscript the appraisal fee would be \$2.25. Our brief letter will tell WHY a story is considered salable or unsalable, but naturally will not include the invaluable constructive analysis covered by full criticism service.

OTHER SERVICE BRANCHES

Literary revision with typing, per thousand words \$2.00

Letter perfect typing, prose, per thousand .75

Verse criticism: Each poem, 20 lines or less 1.00

Additional lines, each .05

Play Criticism: For each act 5.00

All Fees Payable in Advance. Enclose Return Postage.

THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST

1839 Champa St.

Denver, Colo.

THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST'S

LITERARY MARKET TIPS

GATHERED MONTHLY FROM AUTHORITATIVE SOURCES

Brief Stories, recently purchased from Harper & Brothers by the Mackinnon-Fly Company, is now located at 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, and is edited by H. A. Keller. Mr. Keller writes that the magazine will use short-stories up to 7000 words, novelettes of 12,000 to 18,000 words, and serials of 40,000 words, of the outdoor adventure type, with good characterization, quick motivation, set anywhere on the globe but featuring American heroes. True adventure stories up to 5000 words also will be used. Payment is on acceptance at 1 cent a word and up.

The Tower Publishers, Inc., 233 Broadway, Woolworth Building, New York, will begin publication this month of four new monthly magazines to be distributed through the chain stores of F. W. Woolworth & Company. They will be known as *The Home Magazine*, *The Detective Magazine*, *The Movie Magazine*, and *The Complete Love Story Magazine*. They will be issued in a page size of 8½ by 10¾ inches, at 10 cents a copy, and will be under the managing editorship of Kenneth W. Hutchinson, formerly of the Frank A. Munsey and Mackinnon-Fly publications. All except *The Home Magazine* will feature a complete novel in each issue. No definite editorial statement covering requirements and rates paid has been received.

The Century Company, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, announces a division of its book department into three distinct branches. Adult fiction will be under the supervision of Hewitt H. Howland. Lyman B. Sturgis will remain in full editorial charge of all non-fiction. Books for children will be under the guidance of Anne Stoddard, who for a long time has been closely associated with the company's juvenile publications.

The Delineator, Butterick Building, New York, announced recently: "It is our plan, as soon as we have sufficient space, to publish each month a page that the children will enjoy, and also have a department each month devoted to child training in its various phases."

The King Features Syndicate, Inc., formerly at 2 Columbus Circle, has moved to 236 E. Forty-fifth Street, New York. The change of address affects also the subsidiary companies, *International Features Service*, *International Illustrated News*, *Premier Syndicate*, *Newspaper Feature Service*, and *International News Photos*.

All Star Detective Stories, 80 Lafayette Street, New York, is a new magazine of the Clayton group which appeared with the October issue. It will feature mystery and detective novelettes—those in the first issue ranging from 7000 to 23,000 words—and serials, also fact stories dealing with crime and police methods. Carl Happel, who also edits *Clues*, is editor. Rates, it is presumed, will be on the usual Clayton basis of 2 cents a word up, on acceptance.

Real Detective Tales, 1050 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, "is now in the market for good mystery and detective stories of 20,000 to 30,000 words," writes Edwin Baird, editor. "They must be intensely interesting from start to finish with plenty of thrills and excitement, and they must keep the reader in suspense till the end. We are prepared to pay a good rate for such stories immediately on acceptance, and we give decisions within forty-eight hours. We are also in need of shorter stories of 1000 to 10,000 words, and fact articles dealing with police and detective work."

Thrilling Stories, 11 W. Forty-second Street, Suite 2462, New York, is announced as a new magazine. H. J. Gardner, editor, writes: "I am now purchasing material for the first six issues and will be glad to have writers submit suitable manuscripts. This magazine will be similar in contents to *Adventure*, *Short Stories* and *Popular*. Just now I am particularly interested in thrilling serials, stories with backgrounds of war, aviation, boxing, crime, mystery, detective, and frontier. Out rates are up to 2 cents a word, payable on the date of publication. The first issue will be on the stands October 1st and dated November 1st. Material not suitable will be returned within ten days."

The American Boy, 550 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Mich., which recently purchased *The Youth's Companion* and combined the two, will continue *The American Boy's* policy, writes George F. Pierrot, managing editor. "This means that we shall no doubt lose virtually all of *The Youth's Companion* girl subscribers fairly soon. So please continue to send us older boys' stuff that is well written and gripping."

William Henry Beers, editor of *Golf Illustrated*, 425 Fifth Avenue, was killed in the wreck of the passenger airplane, City of San Francisco, which occurred early in September. His successor has not yet been appointed.

THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST'S

SEND-IT-FIRST SECTION

APPROVED BUYERS OF MANUSCRIPTS

Advertisers in this department require literary material in quantities, want the best offerings first, and are using paid space to secure them. Give these magazines first consideration when you have manuscripts to offer.

Fawcett Publications, Inc.

Robbinsdale, Minn.

Buys millions of words annually in broad field, paying two cents a word as a minimum in all books and ranging up to ten cents a word.

Gives notice of acceptance or rejection within ten days and sends check with notice of acceptance.

Welcomes New Writers at All Times

The United States Civil Service Commission announces an open competitive examination for assistant editor. Applications must be on file with the Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than October 23. The examination is to fill a vacancy in the Coast and Geodetic Survey, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., and vacancies occurring in positions requiring similar qualifications in Washington, D. C., or in the field. The entrance salary is \$2600 a year. The duties are, under general supervision, to edit technical matter for form, style, make-up, etc., and to prepare popular material based upon the investigations and field activities of the Bureau. Competitors will not be required to report for examination at any place, but will be rated on their education and experience, and on samples of work. Full information may be obtained from the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or from the Secretary of the United States Civil Service Board of Examiners at the post office or custom house in any city.

Metropolitan Books, Inc., 150 Nassau Street, New York, is a new publishing company. Its first book will be Edgar Rice Burroughs' "Tarzan and the Lost Empire."

The *Chicago Daily News Syndicate*, formerly at 1 Canal Street, is now located at 400 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

The *Trained Nurse and Hospital Review*, 468 Fourth Avenue, New York, has absorbed *The Southern Registered Nurse*, Jacksonville, Fla.

American Aviator, Airplanes and Airports, formerly at 19 W. Sixtieth Street, has moved to 101 W. Thirty-first Street, New York.

We are in the market for novels and novellettes—15,000 to 25,000 words.

They should be fast-moving in plot, with little or no woman interest and preferably not of the rustling type.

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Submarine Stories and *War Romances* are two new magazines of the Dell Publishing Company group, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York. They are companion publications to *War Stories*, *War Novels*, and *War Birds*, paying rates of about 2 cents a word on acceptance for material. Eugene Clancy is no longer editor of *War Birds*, *War Novels*, and *War Stories*. The editor of these magazines, as well as the two new periodicals, is George T. Delacorte, Jr. Harry Steeger is editor of *Sky Riders*, another of the group, and is executive editor of *War Birds* and *Submarine Stories*. Carson W. Mowre is executive editor of *War Romances* and *War Novels*, and Aaron Wyn is executive editor of *War Stories*.

A. A. Wyn, executive editor of *War Stories*, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, writes: "Your readers no doubt, will be interested in *War Stories*' present policy and needs. We are a wide-open market now for front-line stories and novelettes, up to 20,000 words. A new and larger reading staff and payments every day mean that accepted stories will receive checks faster than ever before. As for the type of stories: In addition to humor, we want dramatic, fast-moving action stories of the Western Front chiefly. This might seem a narrow field, but there are the numerous branches of the service to draw upon, and drama is as broad as human nature. Be sure you have a story, and not merely a series of war incidents. In humor, try to avoid the *vin rouge* type, which has been very much overdone. Certain good war-story plots have become hackneyed by over-use. Seven of ten yarns that come in are either A. W. O. L. stories, or dumb-buck-winning-the-war type. Have a heart, and give these a rest for a while at least. Certain situations have been worn to a frazzle, like trench raids, machine-gun taking. If you have to use them in your story, treat them briefly, and don't give a move-by-move and shot-by-shot account. Unless you are writing about some aspect of the war that hasn't been used, give us less war and more story. In short, the story will be the thing in the future. And just another delicate matter—many a good story of six or seven thousand words becomes a bum novelette when stretched out to 20,000. That's about all, except that we're open to buy more yarns right now than we're able to accept. So let's hear from you."

The New Playgoer, Victor H. Cunyningham, editor, 7705 Sheridan Road, Chicago, is a co-operative theater program magazine, using material with an appeal to the class of readers who attend theaters of the spoken drama. Short short-stories of from 800 to 1200 words, essays, and short miscellany are used. Payment is on acceptance at rates depending upon the material, 1 cent a word being the general rate but not the limit.

Magazine Publishers, Inc., 67 W. Forty-fourth Street, New York, have brought accounts up to date with their various authors, according to reports received, and H. S. Goldsmith, who is now editor, writes: "Contrary to the numerous statements which have come back to me through various sources, Magazine Publishers, Inc., are most definitely going to remain in the publishing business. It is true that we temporarily suspended publication, but this is not to be interpreted as being a permanent suspension. From now on we will be operating four magazines. They are *Flying Aces*, *Sky Birds*, *Western Trails* and *Dragnet*, all good sellers. In the future we shall pay all authors approximately thirty days before publication date. This means that we will be on a basis almost similar to other publishers who pay on acceptance. Our rate will be 1 to 3 cents a word. In the event that an author submits a story to us which we would like to keep but cannot use for three or four issues to come, we will notify him concerning this matter, thereby giving him the option of having the story returned immediately or leaving it in our hands knowing that payment will not be made for several months."

The titles announced by Harold Hersey for the new group of publications which he is putting forth for the newly-organized Good Story Magazine Company, Inc., at 25 W. Forty-third Street, New York, are *Flight*, *Eagles of the Air*, and *Complete Flying Novel*, devoted to air stories; *Western Outlaws* and *Quick Trigger Western Magazine*, devoted to the West in story form, and *Gangster Stories*. Mr. Hersey writes the following interesting letter covering his plans: "Many of my good friends have been writing to me to say that they have received word that my new string of Red Band Magazines are either selling well or not selling at all or just getting along. This information about the selling of my new string has held me spellbound—these rumors are beautiful because of the fact that the first of the new string of magazines is not even on the news-stands at the time of this writing. Thus is Dame Rumor, the past mistress of rum, romanism, and rebellion—or what have you? During the past two years, as Mark Twain might say, rumors of my death have been grossly exaggerated. Rumors have flown hither and yon, like swallows, and if I had tried to keep track of them and followed them to their various sources, I would probably have joined some pleasant mad-house near by. Would it not be a treat for some of your writers if I were to give them the facts? This time I have in reality reached for a blanket instead of a sheet. If one learns by experience, and even I could do this, there is a chance that this new string of magazines, being amply financed, will profit enough to be practical as well as popular. The same rule

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When I received them—yet, after my editing, these stories were sold to well-known publishers:

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"Greater Love"	_____	I Confess
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"Fortitude"	_____	Breezy Stories
"What's Wrong With Aviation?"	_____	Collier's
"Derelicts" (Novel)	_____	Dorrance & Co.
"Quits"	_____	Ace-High
"A Matter of Honor"	_____	National Sportsman
"Honor of the Force"	_____	Danger Trail
"A Jekyll-Hyde Experience"	_____	True Story

Dozens of other stories, classed as "hopeless" by critics and rejected repeatedly by magazines, were sold after revision to Blue Book, Argosy, Adventure, Black Mask, Blade & Ledger, 10-Story Book, Wide World, Western Story, Popular, Brain Power, Flapper's Experience, and others. If you are in need of literary assistance—criticism, revision, or sales—my service, backed up by ten years' experience, will give you work the best possible chance. Write for terms, etc.

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of payment for material will hold true as was inaugurated by myself a year ago; something new in this regard and something which I scrupulously followed as long as I had anything to do with this end of the business in my former company. In other words, we are paying about a cent per word until a magazine reaches 50,000 sales, a cent and a half from 50,000 to 75,000, 2 cents from 75,000 to 100,000, etc. We will publish only ten issues a year, June and July, August and September, being combined numbers, making two during the summer instead of four. We will publish two 20-cent magazines of 128 pages and four quarter magazines of 192 pages in the first series. Some of the magazines will be illustrated with the second issue, some will not. In addition to the six above mentioned, we will bring out other titles in October and November, but not after January 1st. Thus our hope is to get at least one success out of every four titles issued and in the fall of 1930 to experiment with further titles with the same percentage of success in mind. I only wish that I could tell your writers which one of these titles will succeed. We can judge from the following: *Underworld* magazine doubled in sales during the time that I edited it. *Flying Aces* sold over 90,000 copies with the third issue. *Western Trails* reached an average of about 50,000, making a profit, but a small one. The making of a magazine is becoming every day a matter of greater and greater professional interest. Using a single title is no longer effective. A group is like a string of race horses. On one track, if the weather is clear, certain favorites always win. On another track, if the weather is rainy, the favorites are likely to miss. It would be a wise man indeed who could predict the future of any title. The making of a magazine has been my business for over twenty years. I have had a large proportion of success, about 80 per cent. But the 20 per cent of failures have been my greatest teachers. I have gone down with a thud and gone up with the clouds, but every time I came down with a thud, I learned more than when I went up in the clouds. Why this is so it is impossible to say, but I have theories about it. My friends are kind enough to give me their frank opinions. I only regret that most of their opinions are non-professional. My rates will be low, but my payments prompt on the day promised until I have separated the sheep from the goats here. There is no reason in the world why we cannot pay in corresponding proportion to our sales. In fact, it would be bad business to do otherwise."

St. Louis Town Topics, Tenth Floor, Planters Building, St. Louis, Mo., publishes a page of contemporary poetry every month. J. G. Hartwig, managing editor, writes that it is in the market for good short verse.

The Cleveland Tryout Players, 916 Keith Building, Cleveland, O., write that they "will be glad to read full-length comedies, dramas and farces with a view to tryout. They will also consider vaudeville material and one-act plays for radio. This dramatic group, which holds rehearsals Tuesday and Thursday evenings, specializes in tryouts of new plays. Last season six full-length plays were produced and one invitation program of one-act plays. One of the plays tried out by them won third prize in a local contest and has since been sold. Dr. Eleanor Wembridge, whose first play was tried out by The Cleveland Tryout Players, won first prize in another local contest with her second play. A number of the group's members have played in stock this summer. Plays should be sent to Mrs. Ina Roberts, with full return postage enclosed."

Harper's Magazine, 49 E. Thirty-third Street, New York, recently announced: "The publishers wish to state that they desire stories of literary distinction, articles on social, political and economic problems of the day and on subjects of historical and biographical interest, papers on travel, adventure, science and the arts, essays, serious and humorous, poems—in brief, everything of interest to cultured and progressive American readers. All such manuscripts offered will be carefully and promptly examined; and for every paper found available liberal payment will be made upon its acceptance."

Three new monthly magazines are announced by the Character Group, 49 W. Forty-fifth Street, New York. They are to be published in pocket size and are entitled *The Thinker*, *Popular Biography*, and *The American Short Story*, the latter carrying twelve short-stories in an issue. Editorial requirements and rates of payment are not yet at hand.

The Mothers' Journal has moved from 55 W. Forty-second Street to 4 W. Fifty-first Street, New York.

The Poet's Digest was erroneously listed in our August issue as being in New York city. The correct address is P. O. Box 4, Station G, Brooklyn, N. Y. The magazine is edited by Emil Zubryn and uses poetry, articles on technique and experiences up to 1000 words, and will devote some space to the activities of poetry clubs and societies. Payment is on publication at 10 cents a line for verse, one-half cent a word for prose.

Dorothy McIlwraith, for several years associate editor of *Short Stories*, Garden City, N. Y., has been transferred to the editorial department of Doubleday, Doran & Company. Lawrence Jordan is now associate editor of *Short Stories*.

The Living Age, 280 Broadway, New York, has been changed from a monthly to a semi-monthly.

IMPORTANT TO WRITERS

"The new writer has no chance" is a complaint sometimes voiced. It is unjustified. Clients of mine—every one a "new writer"—have sold to practically all markets, including Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Red Book, Woman's Home Companion, Ladies' Home Journal, Pictorial Review, Cosmopolitan, the action magazines, detective magazines, etc. One sold over \$2,000 worth to one group last year. Several had novels published and plays produced. One had a musical comedy produced.

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The Grant Publishing Company, 33 W. Sixtieth Street, New York, publishers of *Prize Stories*, will soon launch three new pulp-paper fiction magazines, an air, a detective, and a Western magazine. David Redstone, heretofore with the Clayton Publishing Company as editor of *Three Star Stories*, is editor. Rates paid for material will be 1 cent a word up, whether on acceptance or publication is not stated.

Burton Publications, 1841 Broadway, New York, which include *Follies* and *La Boheme*, "are in the market for short-stories of 1500 or 2500 words, also for novelettes, poetry, and short skits. Material should be slightly risqué but smart. Payment is on publication at fair rates." J. G. Burton is editor.

Serial Masterpieces, 1841 Broadway, New York, a syndicate which was announced as in the market for material, is no longer in the market for stories, but expects to be reorganized sometime in the near future and will probably be doing business under different management.

The Pathfinder, Washington, D. C., is not in the market for outside contributions.

Discontinued-Suspended

The Aryan, Philadelphia. (Mail returned.)

Radio Merchandising, New York.

The Garment Saleswoman, Cleveland, Ohio.

Countryside, Elgin, Ill

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Prize Contests

The Harmon Foundation, 140 Nassau Street, New York, in cooperation with the Social Work Publicity Council, offers a series of prizes for outstanding articles dealing with social or public welfare activities. Manuscripts must be in the mail not later than midnight, September 15, 1929. The first award is \$300; second, \$200, and other awards of \$50 will be made at the discretion of the judges. Child guidance, child welfare, the public health nurse, probation, and various other fields provide the material. Manuscripts must be typewritten, double spaced, mailed flat, and signed by pen names, accompanied by sealed envelopes containing title and real and pen names and address of the author. After the judging, articles remain the property of their authors.

The Kaleidoscope, 702 N. Vernon Street, Dallas, Texas, a poetry magazine, is conducting a "questionnaire" contest closing May 1, 1930, in which it offers prizes of \$10, \$5, and \$2.

A \$100 prize is offered by the Chicago Radio Show in a nation-wide contest for the best idea for a one-hour radio program. G. Clayton Irwin, Jr., general manager of the show states: "A finished continuity is not desired. The idea alone is the thing that will earn the \$100. It is to be accompanied by sufficient instructions so that the

judges may interpret the intent of the sender." The winning idea will be broadcasted between October 21 and 28 while the show is in progress. Closing date for entries, October 12. Address Chicago Radio Show, 127 North Dearborn Street, Chicago.

True Story Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, has resumed its monthly prize contests for true confession stories, beginning with the September issue. The schedule of prizes is now as follows: First, \$2000; second, \$1000; two third prizes, \$500 each, and five fourth prizes, \$200 each. Stories of less than 2500 words are not considered. Address True Story Manuscript Contest.

Nujol Laboratories, 2 Park Avenue, New York, offer prizes of \$1000 to \$10 for letters describing "What Nujol has done for me." Address contest editor.

□ □ □ □

Requirements of the Amalgamated Press, London, England

The Amalgamated Press, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4, England, publishes a wide variety of magazines and for fiction in its first-class magazines it requires first British serial rights only. The following advice is given: "As a matter of convenience, serial stories may be submitted in the form of a first installment and a synopsis. This installment should be a third longer than those given under individual headings. The chief demands of the Amalgamated Press are for serials and short-stories of romance, drama, mystery, or adventure; for long, complete stories of the same type, and for articles on women's and general subjects. These must be suited for wide popular reading. Intricate or abstruse themes, sex-problem stories, blasphemy, and similar subjects must be avoided. Remember, also, that in a paper read by working-girls the central characters should move in a phase of familiar life. For a similar reason a modern life setting should be chosen, though occasional "costume" stories are used in the boys' papers, as with tales of Robin Hood, or Buffalo Bill. The Literary Editor is always willing to help and advise new contributors." Manuscripts may be addressed to the individual or to the Central Editorial Service. Following are the principal magazines of this group and their requirements:

ADULT MAGAZINES

All Sports Weekly. An illustrated paper for sport-lovers, covering boxing, football, cricket, racing, lawn tennis, cycling, golf, swimming, and kindred sports. Uses one serial with an average installment of 5000 to 6000 words. It uses authoritative, brightly written articles on sporting subjects, 500 to 3000 words, and in particular authentic life-stories and reminiscences of prominent sportsmen.

The Argosy Magazine (monthly). Uses fiction of high standard. Poetry of outstanding merit is also considered. The magazine consists mainly of reprint stories which are acknowledged to be the best, British or foreign, contemporary or otherwise. Established translators with a

LET'S PUT IT OVER THIS WINTER!

IF you haven't succeeded with your stories, the trouble probably is: First, that you don't write enough, and second, that you aren't writing on subjects the editors want. In the first case you have energy, but you don't use it; your enthusiasm wavers too soon. In the second instance you simply haven't grasped editorial requirements or realized what the world today is thinking about.

I'll help you with both these weaknesses. I'll tell you truthfully about your faults, but I'll make you enthusiastic about them—because I'll show you how to overcome them. You'll want to work when you receive my letters. We'll work out together what kind of stories you should be writing, what magazines are buying them and what they can be made to pay.

For example: Two ex-soldiers are just finishing courses with me. Both had trifled with writing for several years before enrolling, and without result. I have helped both get their first sales, one in the field of the love story, the other in the air-action group. Other students are selling to a wide range of magazines.

Why try to fight it out alone? Why not get competent help and put it over this winter? Here's what you'll get for your money:

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3. Expert sales service here in New York from my office within a quick taxi ride of the editors and publishers.

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THOMAS H. UZZELL

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86 Dramatic Situations (Polti)	1.50
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Eve's Own Stories (weekly). Bright love stories between 2000 and 7000 words in length. Middle-class life. Nothing sordid. Two serials with strong love interest.

Family Journal (weekly). Appeals to the working-class family. It uses three serials of a domestic and sympathetic character, about 4000-word installments, also occasional sentimental stories of 2000 words and a humorous series of a homely domestic type. Short articles of sentimental and practical interest in the home are sought.

Film Fun (weekly). A comic paper, with cinema affairs as a central point. One or two serial stories of dramatic interest, averaging 3000 to 4500 words each installment. Two or three short-stories, usually in series, ranging from 1500 to 3000 words.

Football and Sports Favorite (weekly). This paper is largely fiction, and appeals to sports enthusiasts. Three serials approximating 4500 words each installment are given and a series of complete stories. Serials must contain a sporting element, but may also include adventure, mystery and love. Brightly written topical sporting articles are desired.

Funny Wonder (weekly). A humorous paper. Uses three serials of sport, mystery, and adventure, with average installments of 3000 words.

Home Companion (weekly). A woman's paper appealing to working girls and women. It uses fancy-work articles. Four serial stories are carried concurrently. These should be of domestic type with gripping situations and a good emotional love element. Installments average about 4000 words. Occasional love stories of about 2000 words and sentimental and practical articles of 500 to 1000 words are used.

Horne's Stories (weekly). There should be a high moral tone in anything submitted to this journal. Sweet love stories without worldly interest are used, also one long complete story of 17,000 words, with modern romantic atmosphere, and two serials with average installments of 4500 words.

Joy (weekly), subtitled *The Modern Girl's Love and Laughter Weekly*. Complete romantic adventure stories of 6000 words and one short-story of 3000 words are used, also illustrated jokes with a love theme.

The Jester (weekly). Stories of mystery, adventure, home and industrial life; humorous stories of about 1300 words.

London Calling (weekly). Gives careful consideration to humorous drawings, light articles, light verse, short topical sketches, and amusing paragraphs.

Marry Magazine (monthly.) Uses humorous fiction, jokes, verse, articles and skits. New contributors welcome.

The New Magazine (monthly). Romantic and humorous stories are wanted; best lengths from 2000 to 5000 words. A complete novel, 20,000 words, containing a strong romantic note is used, also half-page joke pictures.

Pictorial Weekly. A popular weekly magazine for all classes. Uses about four short stories, ranging from 2000 to 4000 words, in each issue. Topical, brightly-written articles of 1500 to 2500 words, capable of illustration, are welcomed. A strong dramatic serial, approximating 4500 words per installment, is used.

Picture Show (weekly). A popular cinema journal. Uses one serial, averaging 3500 words each installment, with drama and romance, also a short-story, from a film play usually specially contributed. Cinema articles of popular interest are used.

Poppy's Paper (weekly). Complete stories with strong love interest containing sensational and quick action, 10,000 words in length, also serials of similar character. Must be full of exciting and original development. Good intriguing curtains are absolutely necessary.

The Quiver (monthly). A magazine appealing to the modern home, to be read by every member of the family

circle. Contains a serial, short stories, and articles on topics of the day, particularly of interest to the home.

The Red Magazine (fortnightly). Publishes about twelve short stories and an installment of one serial. It will consider stories of any length, but those most in demand are from 3000 to 8000 words. Stories which play on the morbid, sex, or brutality, are not wanted, but scenes may be laid at home or abroad, dealing with all sorts and conditions of men and women. Woman interest is desirable. Melodrama and sensation are not aimed at. There must, however, be a good story to tell, and it must be written in accordance with magazine standards. Light verse is also used, preferably humorous.

Sports Budget (weekly). Devoted to all the more popular branches of sport. Uses long complete stories of 18,000 words; one serial of 4000-word installments, and a series of short complete stories. Love interest should be introduced in all stories.

The Story-Teller (monthly). Consists mainly of stories by established authors, but work by other writers is gladly considered if of high merit. Lengths average between 2000 and 5000 words. Long complete novels of not more than 20,000 words are used and occasionally three-part stories. Good verse is always acceptable. No illustrations.

Sunday Circle (weekly). A bright religious paper. Three serials are used, with average installments of 4500 words, also short-stories in series, averaging about 4000 words each. There should be a religious atmosphere, and love and domestic interest, with plenty of movement, in these stories. Religious articles of a non-controversial nature of about 1000 words on topical subjects are used, also domestic articles, sometimes illustrated with photos.

Sunday Companion. Devoted to all matters of religious interest save controversial subjects. Church and chapel work, interviews, curiosities, travel, missionary adventures, and uplifting articles illustrated by anecdotes, are within its scope. It uses three serials of a domestic, romantic character, which are not obtrusively religious, but have a good strong moral tone, and sometimes a hero engaged in religious work.

Sunday Stories (every Wednesday). The main feature of "Sunday Stories" is a long complete story of about 15,000 words containing wholesome sentiment, with a touch of drama. Two serials are published of somewhat similar character approximating 5000 words each installment.

Woman and Home (monthly). Devoted to the personal and home interests of the home woman. Uses short home-making articles, articles dealing with popular arts and crafts, and complete stories of from 7000 to 10,000 words.

Woman's Companion (weekly). Devoted entirely to married women's interests. Uses sentimental, emotional, married-life theme stories with good characterization in lengths of 7000 and 3000 words. Two serials of similar appeal, the first installment 6000 words, remainder in fourteen of 5000 words each, are used. In addition there are the usual household, beauty, cookery, fashions, fancy-work, and baby welfare articles.

Woman's Journal (monthly). Devoted to women's interests. Its contents include serials and short-stories of 5000 to 8000 words of feminine appeal, articles of 1700 to 2000 words dealing with timely subjects, and material for a house and home section.

Woman's World (weekly). Four serials of domestic and romantic character with modern setting, approximating 4000 words each installment, are used, also occasional short-stories of 2000 to 3000 words, and domestic and love articles, about 1000 words in length, of interest to working-class women. There is a cookery page contributed by readers, also departments of fashions, fancywork, and children's pages.

JUVENILES

The juvenile market of the Amalgamated Press is rather restricted, editors state, "since a great deal of it is done by retained writers and staff members, but we imagine that if writers studied such papers as the *Children's Newspaper* and *My Magazine*, and one or two others, you

Short-Story News of the Month

BY DAVID RAFFELOCK

Teachers for a long time have been perturbed by Bernard Shaw's dictum: "Those who can do, those who can't teach." It had an air of finality about it; it was clever and rather disconcerting. All along, however, there were apparent contradictions. Leaders in many professions and trades were teaching as well as doing. As in the case of the Simplified Training Course, men who are writing and selling stories were also training others. But now we have a contradiction from Clever-man Shaw himself. Recently he addressed an erudite group in England and amended his dictum to read: "Those who can do, those who think teach." And now any who were worried by Shaw's earlier statement can go back to their teachers with renewed assurance.

Mr. Adler of the S. T. C. staff received this letter from S. T. C. Student Jones (Los Angeles): "Here is something that will surprise you: Just two years from the time I commenced a serious attempt to become a writer. I sold my first story. I have not been working on the S. T. C. that long, as you know, and I am certainly one happy guy. Perhaps you recall the yarn I prepared for Assignment 67? Last week Street & Smith mailed me a modest check for 'Molly's Night.' My ambition to sell a yarn before finishing the S. T. C. has been satisfied."

A woman recently wrote us because she was perplexed. She had taken a course that was recommended by a writer who had achieved some success in the fiction field. The work proved unsatisfactory. Later she saw an advertisement of the Simplified Training Course—and found, among others, the same writer recommending it! How is this accounted for, she wanted to know? The answer is simple enough. When inexperienced, the writer had taken the other course, found something of value in it. Then he learned of the S. T. C., enrolled for it, and won a real success. You will not find S. T. C. students recommending other courses AFTER they have had the S. T. C. training. So personal, comprehensive and authoritative is the S. T. C. training, that having completed it, one does not need other courses.

One thing about the S. T. C. that makes it stand out above most other courses is the keen interest in writing it arouses in all of its students. Before completing even the first lesson group, S. T. C. Student Mrs. J. T. K. (Monroe, N. Y.) found that out: "Though I am not quite yet ready to use it, I recently sent for the Second Lesson Group, and since it came I have read it through twice—just for the exciting pleasure of it. I should never have believed that a course of mail instruction could possibly be as interesting, energizing and helpful as the S. T. C. is."

Among the recent sales reported by S. T. C. students, we have these: "I recently took time out from the lessons and wrote a three-thousand-word story, which sold on the first trip out, to Mother's Home Life."—Mrs. Beatrice K. B., McKeesport, Pa. . . . "I know you will be glad to learn that I have just made another sale to West, the third in a row. This, like the other two, came directly from the work of the course, being developed from one of the introductions written for Assignment 21."—Hal B. D. Meredith, Colo. . . . "I sold 'Against the Rules,' the last story you criticized, to Modern Homemaking. I have sold nine stories since November."—Mrs. Bessie L. B., Louisville, Ky. . . . "I have just sold my story, 'Maker of Beds,' to Breezy Stories, which I believe was one of the markets you so kindly suggested in your letter of recent date."—Del R., Albany, N. Y. . . . "In my last letter I stated I had recently received a check for \$70 from a juvenile magazine. Since then I have received another for \$72 from the same editor, the fifteenth straight from this same publication without a single rejection since I began the S. T. C."—Charles R. M., Kermanshah, Persia.

Every mail brings letters from Satisfied S. T. C. students. Excerpts from some of these are printed, not in a spirit of boasting, but to give confidence to others who may still be undecided as to the value of such training as that given by the S. T. C. "I want very much to continue the S. T. C. training because it is the best in the country. I know; I've looked several others over."—W. P., St. Louis, Mo. . . . "I want to thank you for your kind interest and wonderful help you have been to me. Under more favorable circumstances I know I would have made many sales. But I am not going to stop studying the S. T. C.; even when it is finished I am going to start over my lessons from the very first and complete each assignment over again. Then I know I will make more than one sale a month."—Mrs. M. E., San Bernardino, Calif. . . . "While submitting my work on the first lesson group, I desire to say I find the work a very agreeable diversion from routine. I am beginning already to feel a sense of orientation and proportion. Also, I find greater satisfaction in reading today's fiction, having an object in mind. It's worth considerable to know why one likes or dislikes a story."—E. S. G., Toledo, Ohio. . . . "I am so happy to be one of your pupils, at last, and to come under your special supervision, that I am unable to express properly my gratification."—Miss M. H., Summers, Ark. . . . "Thank you for your fine criticism of my story, 'Tangled Clues.' You have made its weaknesses stand out very clearly. I shall revise it according to your suggestions."—Miss F. I. S., Modesto, Calif. . . . "May I add that I finish this course with real regret? That I have enjoyed each and every lesson and feel that the S. T. C. has been most helpful to me. It has been the means of clarifying many things for me in the writing game, and really I feel the stronger for having taken it. I shall always be a booster for the S. T. C. and our thorough and patient instructor, Mr. Raffelock."—Mrs. M. D., Danville, Ill.

should be able to write something on our lines. In the juvenile field we buy, as a rule, all rights."

Boys' Cinema (weekly). Screen stories and pictures of interest to boys, illustrated by photographs and line drawings.

Boys' Friend Library (monthly). Long complete 64,000-word stories for boys; sport, school adventure, and mystery are usual subjects. (Mostly reprinted matter.)

Boys' Realm (weekly). Specializes in sporting stories. Serials—boxing, racing, football, and kindred subjects—averaging 7000-word length each, sporting articles and series.

Bubbles (weekly). For children. Is illustrated in line, and will consider sets of humorous drawings and picture stories.

The Butterfly (weekly). Comic line sketches and healthy fiction for boys and girls.

The Champion (weekly). Story paper for boys. Two series and four serials (6500-word installments) of adventure, school and sport. Line illustrations.

Champion Annual. An adventure, story, and article annual for readers of all ages. Contents quite independent of *The Champion*, but similar in treatment. A preliminary letter to the editor is advisable.

Chick's Own (weekly). For tiny children just learning to read. One serial, 750-word installments. One short-story of 600 words. Funny sketches in line and color.

Chick's Annual. For very young children. Short simple stories from 300 to 600 words.

Chips (weekly). Largely read by working folk and young people. Human stories of industrial life, healthy sport and adventure. Short-stories of 1200 words. Comic sketches and story illustration in line. Bright, homely fun.

Chums (weekly). Serials, school, sport, and adventure, 5000-word installments. Short complete school and adventure stories, 7500 words and 4500 words. Rates by arrangement. (Also published monthly.)

Chums' Annual. Similar material.

Girls' Cinema (weekly). Screen stories with strong love interest. Two serials (one from the films) averaging 5000 words each installment. Dramatic and romantic short-stories, 3000 words. Illustrated by photographs and line drawings.

Girls' Friend (weekly). Four serials of 6000-word installments directly appealing to girls. Suggestions for serials should be in the form of an opening installment and synopsis of remainder. Complete stories of 9000 words, with good modern touch. Manuscripts, whether from new or practised hands, carefully considered. Line illustrations.

Handy Stories (weekly). Complete stories of 10,000 words; two- and three-part stories and serials of appeal to business girls. Modern setting and virile love interest. Careful attention to new writers.

Hobby Annual. Articles of 2000 to 4000 words on any hobby subject of interest to boys, particularly mechanics and model railways.

Holiday Annual. For older children. Short complete stories of about 6000 words, and articles of interest to boys and girls.

Little Folks (monthly). For boys and girls of school age. Contains, every month, a long complete story and a Novel in a Nutshell, together with short school and adventure stories, nature and dramatic clubs. Pets and pastimes pages.

Lot O' Fun (weekly). A journal for boys and girls, with four pages of comic illustrations. Serials and complete stories of school life, adventure and detective life. The average serial installment or complete tale is about 2500 words. Comic sketches in color and line.

Magnet (weekly). A boys' paper with a long complete 25,000-word story of school life, in which the central figures are the same from week to week. Detective or adventure serials of about 7000-word installments.

Merry and Bright (weekly). Comic illustrations and wholesome fiction for boys and girls.

Modern Boy (weekly). Articles on subjects of interest to boys—invention, engineering, hobbies and adventure, or of a semi-topical nature, 800 to 1500 words. Fiction—serials or series, 5000 to 6000 words per installment. Pictures—sketches or photographs of boyish appeal.

Monster Comic (weekly). Humorous series and joke pictures in line. Adventure, detective and school serials and complete series in weekly installments of 2500 words.

My Favorite (weekly). Childrens' stories, 750 to 1500 words. Stories in picture sets.

My Story Weekly. A publication appealing to the type of girl who will react to the least thrill; special display is made of beauty topics. The note struck throughout is that of fascinating danger.

Nelson Lee Library (weekly). Long complete school stories, about 25,000 words, in which the characters are the same from week to week. One serial installment of about 5000 words—sport, detective, adventure.

Playbox (weekly). A brightly illustrated journal for young children. Short fiction and fairy stories. Two or three serials of from 1800 to 2000 words each installment, and one short story of 1000 words. Line and colored sketches, jokes, rhymes.

Playbox Annual. An annual volume for very young children. Contains twenty short-stories, about 2000 words each, and articles on children's games, toys, puzzles, etc., of about 500 to 1000 words.

Playtime (weekly). An illustrated journal for young children. Fairy and animal stories told in very simple language. Three serials used, about 1800 words each installment, and one short-story of 1300 words. Line and colored sketches, jokes.

Puck (weekly). A picture and story paper for boys and girls of all ages. Wholesome, simply-told stories of adventure, sport, mystery and school life. Complete stories of 1500 and 2000 words. Line humorous sketches and story illustrations.

Puck Annual. A volume of pictures and stories for boys and girls of all ages.

The Popular (weekly). Appeals mainly to boys. Short-stories of about 7000 words, of school, adventure, and detectives. One serial is used, averaging 4000 words each installment. Line illustrations.

Rainbow (weekly). A picture paper for very young children. Two serial stories, very simply told, averaging 2500 words each installment. One short-story, about 800 words. Stories told in line pictures. Line and colored comic sketches and line illustrations.

Rainbow Annual. An annual appealing to young children, illustrated in line and color. Contains about sixteen short-stories, simply told, from 1000 to 2000 words; also little articles on games, puzzles, etc.

School Friend (weekly). Long complete girls' school stories, 20,000 words, serial stories and complete school stories, 10,000 words. Illustrations.

Schoolgirls' Own (weekly). Companion to *School Friend*. Two serials, averaging 6000 words each installment, and two complete stories of 6000 to 12,000 words. Short articles on needlework, cookery, etc.

Schoolgirls' Own Annual. Stories and articles of interest to school girls.

Schoolgirls' Weekly. Serial stories of interest to school girls, 6000-word installments. Complete stories, 15,000 words.

Sunbeam (weekly). A high-class, refined picture and story paper for boys and girls. Line humorous sketches and story illustrations.

Tiger Tim's Annual. An annual volume having short-stories, novelettes, etc., appealing to young children. Illustrations.

Tiger Tim's Weekly. A colored picture paper for very young children. Picture stories and two serials, averaging 2500 words each installment, and two short-stories, one of 2500 words, one of 800 words. Comic sketches.

Tiny Tots (weekly). For very young children. Uses serials and short-stories told in very simple language. Illustrations.

Tiny Tots Annual. Similar requirements to the weekly.

Trade, Technical and Class Journal Department

JOHN T. BARTLETT, EDITOR

MORE ABOUT THE MEYERS GROUP

THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST, in its Market Tips department, gives publicity only to such publications as it believes writers can contact with satisfaction. If any reader, at any time, has personal dealings which cause him to feel aggrieved, we want him to report the fact to us.

In the September issue, there was a statement concerning the Meyers Publications, New York City, in the course of which we cautioned readers to be very careful in dealing with these. Under date of August 29, before the magazine was out, this group wrote THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST seeking its aid. An item for publication in the Market Tips department was enclosed. It was explained further, "We are desirous of securing, for use in connection with the editorial work on our several publications, a list of the most reliable contributors to the pages of the Trade and Technical Press."

In reply, THE AUTHOR & JOURNALIST wrote:

"Ordinarily, The Author & Journalist is very happy to assist editorial departments in this way, and we perform such service for many. In the case of the Meyers Publications, however, we would feel we were distinctly derelict in our responsibility to our subscribers, and the field of professional writers in general, if we assisted in this way.

"The reports which have come to us covering experience of writers with the editorial departments of your publications, have caused us to believe a far greater regard for the rights of writers must be evident before we can advise our subscribers to be other than extremely cautious in dealing with your various magazines. We attach herewith a cautionary article which appears in our September issue."

An additional report on one of the Meyers publications, *National Laundry Journal*, which will interest readers, was written under date of September 9 by Nathan N. Wolpert, M. E., 4 Prospect Avenue, Glen Cove, N. Y. Mr. Wolpert relates:

"I have had some experience with the *National Laundry Journal*, a Meyers publication, that is in line with Mr. Thatcher.

"The latter part of January they accepted a technical article that was published in the March issue. Payment was promised about April 15, but nothing materialized. I wrote the editor, and they said my payment was overlooked but that I would get a check in May. Each month I received a note that the accounting department had forgotten to send me a check.

"In July I called on Mr. Tobias, the editor, and he repeated the story that they were busy and that my account would be taken care of at once. No check was received August 15.

"I have just received payment for the article that was accepted back in January and which should have been paid in April."

Frank Meyers is a clever business man. He bought control of *Motor Coach Transportation*,

Pittsburgh, and secured its assets for his new New York magazine, *Bus Age*, while writers to whom *Motor Coach Transportation* owed money lost out. Why can't he be clever enough to organize editorial departments which please professional writers with their business-like ways, instead of arousing suspicions?

□ □ □ □

BE CAREFUL WITH THIS ONE, TOO

CLARENCE M. LINDSAY, Los Angeles, Calif., reports some experience with *American Florist*, Chicago, Ill.

It seems that on April 18, 1928, Mr. Lindsay sent to *American Florist* two Easter photos and an article, and on August 9, 1928, another photo.

"Under date of June 12, 1928," he reports, "I received a letter from them (*American Florist*), stating that the Easter photos I sent them were waiting for next Easter to roll around. Mr. Conley, editor, stated he would be very glad to use them in 1929.

"Easter, 1929, has come and gone. I am still waiting for a check. The photos have never been used at all, as far as I know.

"I asked for return of material if they were not going to use it, and received a letter dated May 29, 1929, to the effect that they were returning with thanks recent manuscripts submitted. The envelope was unsealed, and no manuscripts were in it. Of course, one wouldn't look for large photographs, in any event, in an ordinary long envelope.

"Under date of June 20, they state, 'We cannot tell you which manuscripts were returned, as we kept no record of their titles. However, with the information contained in your letter of the 17th, we will look again for the manuscripts, and return them to you if we find them. Also the photographs.'

"I assume they never found them, even if they ever looked for them."

Our inference from this is that *American Florist* has an editor who hasn't yet learned how to keep his future commitments in line with his space, and who, in this situation, is disposed to let the writer suffer. There is only one proper course for an editor who gets into this situation, and that is far him to take it up frankly with the writer, and if no other measure is satisfactory, to make a cash settlement. We can give the names of dozens of editors who have done this.

□ □ □ □

JAZZ HAS THE PLAY

IN Los Angeles is "Mike" Phillips, Irish, young, I and versatile, who edits the Keystone group of business publications. "Mike" came over the horizon as a business paper editor about the time of a championship fight, and we dubbed him, "The Terrible Phillips Man."

Phillips is the wildest of the current crop of

business paper editors. He rode alliteration in his head-writing until nothing was left of that old literary device. He pulled new stuff in paragraphing—whole articles made up of paragraphs which, themselves, were fragments of sentences. A convention in the paint trade came off, and "Mike" filled an issue of *Western Paint Review* with biographies of prominent men of the trade—each done in verse.

Phillips wrote the verses, and did quite well at it, demonstrating his intimate familiarity with masters, old and new, in poetry.

And this isn't half of it. If you want to know what modern jazz, running rampant, will do to a trade publication, get hold of *Western Paint Review*, *Western Florist*, *Western Truck Owner*, *Western Barber*, or any other of the brood which Bert Butterworth directs and "Mike" Phillips edits at Los Angeles.

Jazz has the play in the business paper field. Ray Fling, of *Restaurant Management*, is one of its followers. Fling never produced anything but a very interesting magazine; but with use of ghost articles, "confession" material, and snappy layouts and art, he is surpassing himself. Fling is intrigued by such subjects as "How and Why I Fought It Out With the Union," "What the As-

sociation Has Done For My Town—the Inside Story", and that sort of thing.

J. A. Gary, of *Furniture Age*, for a lead article had this: "Glad He Raised His Girl to Be an Interior Decorator," while in another article a well-known captain of detectives gave tracing and collection-interviewing tips—profusely illustrated.

There are scores of other editors ingeniously making business papers far more entertaining, readable, than they formerly were. Dan Rennick, in *Drug Topics*, recently illustrated an article with a pose by Charlie Chase, movie actor, and another article, using football analogy throughout, had the dashing photo of a collegian carrying the ball.

Thus we find the business papers keeping step with a trend which already has manifested itself in striking manner in the business book field. Books like "Your Money's Worth," are, first of all, written to be entertaining. Because this quality was strong in "Your Money's Worth," it became a best-seller. As an economic study, it does not grade merely low, but very low. Trick writing is found at scores of points.

The danger in the present business-paper situation is that trick writing, ability to present facts in an interesting way, will subordinate soundness and accuracy. The task is, expertly, to combine truth, accuracy, with the readable quality.

LITERARY MARKET TIPS

IN THE TRADE, TECHNICAL, AND CLASS JOURNAL FIELD

Fortune, 205 E. Forty-second Street, New York, is announced as an important new monthly business magazine to be launched by Time, Inc., publishers of the weekly news magazine, *Time*. The first issue will appear under date of February, 1930. It is claimed that the magazine will be a de luxe periodical, larger and finer than anything heretofore published in the business field. It will have a subscription price of \$10 a year. The announcement states: "Its purpose is to reflect Industrial Life in ink and paper and word and picture as the finest skyscraper reflects it in stone and steel and architecture. To this end it combines resourceful journalism, brilliant writing, superlative photography, and master craftsmanship. It will avoid generalities such as 'Cooperation between Capital and Labor.' It will have no 'inspirational' matter. It will contain no advice on how to run your business, no tipstering, no puffing of individuals, no 'defending' of business, no propaganda, no ghost-written banalities by Big Names. It will have literary standards of the highest—and if Babbitt doesn't like literature he doesn't have to read it. It will contain much more editorial matter than most handsome magazines, and its editorial content will be much more seriously executed." While rates and methods of payment are not at hand,

this magazine evidently wants the best, and will no doubt offer a remunerative field for the qualified business writer.

The Springfield Builder, Builders Exchange Building, Springfield, Ohio, is in the market for fact articles dealing with various phases of residential construction and subdivision development. Stories describing new methods, material and equipment for the home builder are welcome. "However," writes Edgar C. Hanford, editor, "to interest our readers, they must be technical in description and not deal merely in generalities. They should be boiled down to 2000 words or less and photographs are desired. Rates from ½ cent up, \$2 each for accepted photograph, will be paid on publication."

One-half to 2 cents per word is promised by O. J. Willoughby, editor *Radio Selling*, Walton Building, Atlanta, Ga., for articles on merchandizing, service or other phases of radio dealer activities.

The title of the recently merged publications of the Meredith Publishing Company, Des Moines, Iowa, will be *Successful Farming & The Dairy Farmer*. Kirk Fox, for the past two years managing editor of *Successful Farming*, is editor of the merged magazine; E. M. Harmon, for two years editor of *The Dairy Farmer*, is associate editor.

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Two kinds of manuscripts are now desired by Frank E. Belden, editor of *National Dry Goods Reporter & Drygoodsman*, now located at 215 S. Market Street, Chicago. These are: (1) Items of 300 to 500 words, illustrated if possible, on successful merchandizing policies in specific departments of specific stores. Stories about *reducing expenses* and *increasing profits* preferred: methods of merely increasing volume no longer wanted. (2) 1000 to 1500-word feature stories, abundantly supplied with photographs or other illustrative matter, on methods of increasing profits, by eliminating certain expenses, by increasing efficiency of sales force, etc. Best to query on such features.

The present address of the *Housefurnishing Journal*, formerly at 215 S. Market Street, Chicago, is Flatiron Building, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York. Charles B. Rosengren is president, and Robert A. Blodgett is associate editor. "Though most of our editorial matter is prepared by the staff," writes Mr. Blodgett, "manuscripts of unusual merit are desired, especially if they are accompanied by photographs or samples of newspaper or other advertising. Trade news items are also used." Mr. Blodgett did not mention rates paid. "House furnishings" cover such articles as kitchen cabinets, refrigerators, aluminum ware, china, kitchen hardware, garden equipment and furniture, bathroom fixtures, fireplaces, aquariums, bird cages, etc.

The Business Week, Tenth Avenue at Thirty-fourth Street, New York, which made its first appearance on September 7th, superseding *The Magazine of Business*, is in the market for features, about 1000 words in length, on current business news. Rates, according to Marc A. Rose, editor, are "to be arranged."

R. C. Harmon, associate editor, *The Enamelist*, 2100 Keith Building, Cleveland, Ohio, reports that the *Enamelist* uses outside articles, dealing with worthwhile subjects for merchandising porcelain enamel goods; articles of technical, or semi-technical nature, dealing with porcelain processes and also stove manufacturing processes; also success stories concerning stove and porcelain enamelware manufacturers. Payment is made upon acceptance at 1½ cents per word upward to 4 or 5 cents per word, depending upon nature of the material. Photographs from \$2 up.

Most of the material published in *Chain Store Manager*, 1114 E. 8th St., Los Angeles, Calif., is staff-written, according to H. R. Barnett, editor. For the occasional feature they can use, however, payment is made at 1 cent up, on publication.

M. I. Stevens, editor, *Midwestern Banker*, 68 E. Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee, requests that no manuscripts be submitted, as the magazine has its own staff of writers.

National Retail Lumber Dealer, published monthly at 6244 Hearst Building, Chicago, Lyman M. Forbes, editor-manager, writes, "I should like to hear from free-lance writers who would be in a position to handle assignments for me when requested, and to dig up material of their own after finding out what we want. I already have about a half dozen such connections, but can use a dozen more, scattered about in various parts of the country. I should much prefer to have a writer send me a letter saying he is available for such work in a certain territory, rather than try and submit something on approval, as we have very definite ideas of what we want. We can suggest assignments and tell what we would like to have included in an article, but a writer seldom gets what we want without such preliminary contact with us. We are looking for a certain type of story about retail lumber dealers, anywhere, but we frequently devote an entire issue to a single subject, such as home financing, private garages, farm buildings, paint, and the story that would be accepted one month might not find favor again for a year. For that reason it is important that the writer contact us by letter before attempting to do a story for us. We pay 1 cent a word on publication and \$1 for each photograph, chart, reproduction of form or advertisement used with a story. Vouchers are made out the fifteenth of each month, about the time our issue is received by readers."

"We are interested in articles (500 to 1200 words) on subjects included in the building industry or the field of building management," writes Roy M. McDonald, editor of *Western Building Forum*, 703 Market Street, San Francisco. "We are also interested in news items, or short articles on new methods of construction or building management. Illustrations should accompany all editorial material. Articles *must* be confined in subject and scope to the Western States." ½ cent a word is paid for material on publication.

The Hospital Librarian, 308½ S. Superior Street, Albion, Mich., edited by Ralph W. Cessna, uses articles on hospital and city library work, which may also be of interest to record librarians. Payment is made at indefinite rates on publication.

The American Rifleman, Barr Building, Washington, D. C., Laurence R. Hathaway, editor, writes: "We have observed a certain sameness and stereotyped method of writing in material sent in by professional writers. All of our articles are the results of actual experience by the men who write them, but we do receive a certain number of articles by free-lance writers. Some of these are avowedly fiction, while others profess to be founded on fact, but they usually carry all the earmarks of the author having done a little reading on the subject and then having undertaken to write an authoritative article. There is something about such articles that proclaims them in the first paragraph."

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